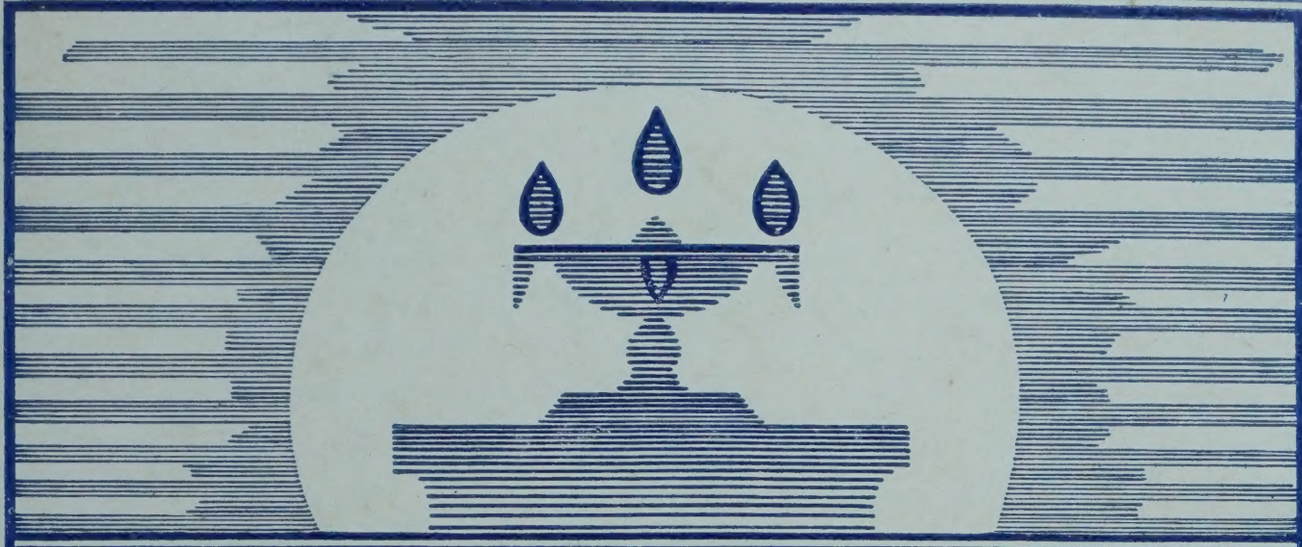

The ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXIV MARCH 1963 No. 3

A TRIBUTE TO CLIFFORD BAX

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE ARYAN PATH has quitted the prison-house of the body at the age of seventy-six. His health was poor towards the end of his life, but he has left behind many earlier works whose quality and sensitive style speak eloquently of the indwelling spirit. He was dramatist and poet, history-lover and humanitarian. His ever-warm response to beauty included an especial sympathy for the art and poetry of the Far Orient.

The delicate charm and grace of his ballad-operas, such as *Mr. Pepys* and *Midsummer Madness,* pleased the public palate, but some of his deeper plays were also acclaimed by critics and public alike, e.g., his play *The Rose Without a Thorn* and his radio play *The Buddha,* whose performance in 1947 sent his correspondence soaring. What some critics consider his best play, however, *Socrates,* was only given production by the State Society. He was connected with the Theosophical Society for seventeen years, but then turned away from the activities in which it became involved, towards Buddhism, but the fundamental ideals of Theosophy remained his inspiration. To his numerous reviews and review-articles in THE ARYAN PATH, over three decades (reviews which covered a very wide range of subjects) he brought a perceptive understanding and grace of expression that is remembered with gratitude.

His first article for THE ARYAN PATH (June 1931, its second year) was "Spirituality and Art: A Theosophical View." Other articles include "Love and Life as Eternal Enemies" (January 1938), "The Use of Beauty" (February 1939), "The Poet and Dramatist: Their Influence in Society" (November 1941) and "The Negroes and the World" (March 1944); all these disclose a follower of "the Noble Path."

Together with remembrance of our departed friend, we reprint "Spirituality and Art," his first contribution to THE ARYAN PATH. We

should like to reprint also the following from the introductory note to that article in its original appearance:

"In this article the author presents a Theosophical view. Religions have become unspiritual because they have misinterpreted philosophy. There is no divorce between Religion and Art if the metaphysics of the ancient Secret Doctrine is accepted, namely that Spirit and Matter are not two opposites but two aspects of the One Life. Apply this to the Theosophical doctrine of Reincarnation: human souls do not take bodies of flesh only for the purpose of their own progress; but also to raise matter to a higher level of being. Brahmanical Occultism has used architecture, music, poetry, drama and sculpture to infuse life in religious forms."

SPIRITUALITY AND ART

MANY PEOPLE suppose that they will become more spiritual if they allow the senses to atrophy. Art seems to them at best a plaything, at worst a delusion and a snare. Cromwell's soldiers, for example, when they shattered the stained-glass of an earlier age, were impelled by a distrust and a hatred of the senses. They wanted to make external life as plain and empty as possible in order that they might concentrate their thoughts upon certain religious ideas. The Quakers, too, were a people who turned away from everything that makes us happier through our senses. Alike to the Puritan and the Quaker, man-made beauty had a taint of idolatry or worldliness. It was a distraction to the soul. The Hindu ascetic, again, attempting to withdraw himself completely from the world of illusion, would have glanced with no interest at the work of our greatest poets, painters, and architects.

Formalized religions, in fact, have always run to extremes in respect of the arts. Buddhism aims at abstraction; Islam, as everyone is aware, forbade the representation of the human form; and Christianity, in its most intense periods, has regarded external beauty as of no importance. For I think we can say that Christianity was most forceful when its early devotees were fleeing from "the world" to the Egyptian desert and again when its mediaeval saints were calling the lice upon their bodies "the pearls of God." At other times, on the contrary, religion — for instance, in Egypt, in Athens, and within the Roman Church — has used all the resources of art to glorify its gods or its God.

Clearly, there is a real dispute between religion and art. It is a profound dispute. Men recognize that they have only a limited amount of psychic energy. In consequence, they have to determine how they will use it. They incline, if they are religious, to decry sensuous pleasures for two reasons: the first, because those pleasures, like Circe, are strong enough to submerge "the soul"; the second, because religion is a "binding back" of instinct (especially of sexual instinct) — an effort to turn psychic force from a natural into a supernatural direction. The more intensely we desire to spiritualize ourselves, the more do we try to live in the idea of God or, in the beautiful phrase of Plotinus, to achieve "the flight of the Alone to the Alone." Religion, moreover, is intimately associated with morality — that is to say, with our struggle to behave in accordance with an ideal of behaviour: and morality, at least in the Western hemisphere, has unfortunately become synonymous with a negative use of life. We are good, in a word, if we refrain from doing this or that. It was for this reason that the Middle Ages regarded as saintly a woman who lay for ten years on a bare board or even, as etymology proves, the simpleton and the imbecile. They were harmless, and therefore they were holy.

Many religious people, then, have thought of the external world as the implacable enemy of the soul: but it is possible to take a different view of it — to see it as the very substance which we are here to spiritualize. We can go further and maintain that it is the obstinate material which we must subdue and make beautiful if we are spiritually to grow. Here, as the reader will have discerned, is the point at which the Ritualist and the Puritan part company. The Puritan rejects the world as something which is incurably vile. The Ritualist denies that anything is unclean. He wants to redeem the material world by making it reflect the spiritual world until, indeed, there shall no longer be any opposition between the one and the other. Religion and sex are the two great driving-forces in human nature and the two chief competitors for our attention: and Coventry Patmore, an arch-ritualist, went so far, in his later poems, as to indicate clearly that to make even sexual emotion religious might be wiser than to execrate it as something fundamentally base.

It cannot be too emphatically said that a work of art is not made spiritual by its subject-matter or by the specific ideas which it presents. It is made spiritual by the mood which pervades it and by the measure of perfection with which it is fashioned. Some people do not care whether a book is well or badly written, whether a picture is well or badly

painted. They care only for what it "says": and as a rule they look solely for a statement of their own convictions. Now, intellectual conceptions are always changing, and for this reason philosophical doctrines very seldom add anything of value to a work of art. Dante embedded in an epic of tremendous power and unsurpassed beauty the theology of his time. To most of us that theology seems obsolete. We do not read Dante — or Milton or Lucretius — in the hope of solving our intellectual puzzles. We read the great poets because they have left ever-living records of how a man feels when he contemplates life and the universe: and because there is a delight in hearing our half-realized thought-feelings superlatively expressed. For "a thing of beauty," made by a human being, is itself witness to the spirit in man. Thus, when we come to the *Paradiso*, we are exhilarated not by its doctrines but by the sustained aspiration and the almost super-human mastery of language — qualities which glow as vitally today as when Dante was dipping his quill into the ink-horn.

Without form there can be no art, and if we had not lost our sensibility to form we should recognize, with the Athenians, that there is something divine in the true artist — in the man who can make beauty out of clay, stone, pigment, notes, or words. Most art has been definitely inspired by a passion for perfection. Sometimes, as in Greek statuary, that passion took an idealistic direction, but we should remember that an artist may express it obliquely. He may, like Rembrandt, express the pitifulness of mortal and imperfect things. Although it may sound fantastic, I will admit that I never hear the great symphonies of Beethoven or contemplate the figures from the Parthenon without feeling more confident that there is an immortal principle in man. If we are afraid of "matter" and at enmity with it, we shall find nothing of value to us in the arts. If, on the contrary, we believe that "spirit" descends into "matter" for some purpose, we may come to perceive that every artist, from a poet to a potter, is trying to make the external world a more suitable habitation for immortal beings.

CLIFFORD BAX

The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair seeming shows . . .
. . . may lift themselves up higher
And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,
Th' Eternal Fountain of that Heavenly Beauty.

—EDMUND SPENSER

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MARTIN HEIDEGGER

[**Shri S. Subhash Chandra** was formerly Lecturer in Philosophy at Osmania University. In September 1960 he was awarded a Research Fellowship by the West German Government for research work in the German universities, and he was for some time attached to the Universities of Cologne and Bonn. Readers may remember his study: "The Serialism of J. W. Dunne," which appeared in our issues of July and August 1962.

We print below the first part of a long study of Martin Heidegger.—ED.]

I

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MARTIN HEIDEGGER[1] embodies probably the most important phase of the contemporary German philosophy. No other thinker, not even Husserl or Dilthey, has so profoundly influenced the form and the content of recent German thought as Heidegger. He has exercised a persistent and almost unchallenged sway over the rich and manifold trends of Continental philosophy. Indeed, his writings represent in many respects the acme of the living thought of Continental Europe. He has inspired the existentialists and phenomenologists alike, and is probably the most controversial figure in current European philosophy. The purport of the present article is to present a delineation of the fundamentals of the philosophy of Martin Heidegger. An exhaustive elucidation being neither possible nor aimed at here, we intend summarizing the salient facets of the *Weltanschauung* of this great thinker.

All philosophy thrives in a state of perpetual discourse with the historical traditions to which it owes its roots. There is no room for intellectual isolation in philosophy. Constant and creative communion with the contributions of other thinkers is inevitable, and no thinker can afford to eschew the impact of the historical past. Hence, any account of a philosophical system must perforce be preceded by clarification of its historical affiliations. A student of the writings of Heidegger is struck by his unusual sensitivity to the thought of the early Greek thinkers. Indeed, Heidegger hailed the pre-Socratic thinkers as his mentors and has done more than any other thinker to revive the interest

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[1] This article has benefited very much from periodical discussions with Professor Dr. Vollkmann-Schluck of the University of Cologne. The author takes this opportunity to thank him for his willing help.

of contemporary scholarship in their writings. In his numerous elucidations, he "recaptures the excitement of the first steps of Western Philosophy."[2] Plato remains an inexhaustible source of inspiration for Heidegger, and Aristotle a great stimulus. The influence of Kant has been universal and Heidegger constitutes no exception in this respect. He has sought to convey his appreciation of the work of Kant by writing a full-length book on him. In this book, *Kant und das Problem der Metaphysik*, Heidegger seeks to "engage himself in a dialogue" with Kant. The writings of Nietzsche, invested with an explosive force as they are, have continued to hold a powerful sway over the mind of Heidegger. One may well claim that Heidegger has soaked himself in the works of Nietzsche as evidenced by his two portly volumes on this scarcely understood genius of the nineteenth century. Edmund Husserl, the eminent founder of the phenomenological movement, was undoubtedly the most dynamic element in Heidegger's life. As a professor at the University of Freiburg, Husserl served, personally and through his writings, to shape the ideas of the young philosopher in his formative years. Though later on the paths of the two diverged, their mutual respect for each other did not altogether wane. As a token of gratitude, Heidegger dedicates his *magnum opus*, *Sein und Zeit*, to Edmund Husserl and avers: "If the following investigation goes a few steps forward in the exploration of 'things themselves,' then the author is indebted in the first place to E. Husserl. . . ."[3] By dedicating his book on Kant to Max Scheler, Heidegger testifies to his appreciation of the phenomenal contributions of this thinker to recent Continental philosophy. Finally, the impact of Wilhelm Dilthey is all too palpable to be enlarged upon here.

Profound thinker and a subtle logician though he was, Heidegger was not impervious to the exquisite beauties of poetry. Indeed, he was one of that rare species of thinkers whose sustained preoccupation with the abstract and the abstruse does not petrify its inborn sensitivity to the unearthly charms of poetry. Heidegger was never tired of showering encomiums on the great German poet Hölderlin. His writings are replete with references to Hölderlin and his divine verses, and his book on Hölderlin ranks among the most significant interpretations of him. The impact of Rainer Maria Rilke on Heidegger is only next to that of Hölderlin. In several essays and lectures, Heidegger has sought to give

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[2] WALTER KAUFMANN: *The Owl and the Nightingale: From Shakespeare to Existentialism* (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 1960), p. 321.

[3] MARTIN HEIDEGGER: *Sein und Zeit* (Max Niemeyer Verlag, Tübingen, 1960), p. 38.

expression to the kernel of the poetry of Rilke, whose philosophical value, according to him, is inconceivably rich. Hegel and Stefan George, prominent personalities in the literary history of Germany, are also conspicuous in the works of this great philosopher.

We have already alluded to the fact that Nietzsche wields powerful sway over Heidegger's thoughts. This attachment to the thought and person of Nietzsche represents no mere side-issue for Heidegger, but is indicative of an essential affinity of thought. For Heidegger, like Nietzsche, is an avowed votary of the movement of irrationalism in European philosophy. Like Schopenhauer and Bergson, he was militantly opposed to the rationalistic overtones, which, according to these thinkers, serve to choke all genuinely philosophical thought.[4] Naturally, the paths of these thinkers converge only at the point where their repudiation or rationalism assumes fanatic proportions. Notwithstanding this common rejection of rationalism, profound divergence characterizes their philosophical doctrines.

Before we begin our account of the thought of Heidegger, a brief reference must be made to the extraordinary peculiarities of language and style to be met with in the writing of this thinker. German philosophers, as a rule, have seldom taken care to abjure intricate forms of expression. Indeed, obscurities of style are unlikely to ever deter them. And Heidegger, we beg to submit, has sought to make a special virtue out of this fascinating failing of the German thought. He has consciously undertaken the task of imparting new significance to the current German expressions. Undeterred by the weight of the usage or the authority of the dictionary, he is wont to invest words with a peculiarly Heideggerian import. Further, he has revived many obsolete expressions and has restored to many a current term its archaic connotation. German language makes a generous, almost extravagant, use of prefixes, and Heidegger has deftly exploited this fact to the advantage of his terminology. By a clever, often fascinatingly clever, separation of a prefix from the main word by means of a hyphen, he has often managed to open up new possibilities of thought and expression.[5] Though some of his manipulations are undoubtedly suspect, the charge of merely juggling with words, we believe, is unjust. Anyhow, as a result of these idiosyncrasies, a student of Heidegger is confronted with many a for-

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[4] Paul Huhnerfeld: *In Sachen Heidegger* (Hoffmann und Kampe Verlag, Hamburg. 1959), p. 16.

[5] Karl Löwith: *Heidegger: Denker in durftiger Zeit* (Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht, Göttingen. 1960), pp. 13–14.

midable hurdle. And the difficulties become well-nigh insurmountable, if it is proposed to interpret him in a language other than German. The problems that we have had to overcome are far too numerous to be adumbrated here. Reference, however, must be made to our solution of the difficulties involved in translating the three pivotal terms of Heidegger, viz., *Sein*, *Seiendes*, and *Dasein*. We propose translating *Sein* as "Being" (note the capital "B") as against *Seiendes*, which is to be rendered as "being." *Dasein* has been frequently rendered into English as "human being." For reasons, which we hope to elucidate in the sequel, we have decided against this rendering and intend retaining the word *Dasein*. Naturally, the full significance of these and other expressions shall be clarified in due course.

The function of philosophy, according to Heidegger, is to explore the nature and meaning of Being. Ontology is no mere aspect of philosophy, but its very nucleus. Philosophy preoccupies itself with the essence of Being. It seeks to unravel the innermost core of reality, which is Being. The history of European philosophy, however, testifies eloquently to the fact that the fundamentally ontological function of philosophy has not been faithfully adhered to. Indeed, Heidegger assures us, only the pre-Socratic thinkers remained faithful and relentless advocates of the ontological purport of philosophy. All subsequent philosophy constitutes a betrayal of the quest for the essence of Being. Instead of applying themselves to the nature of Being (*Sein*), the post-Socratic philosophers were absorbed by enquiries into the nature of being (*Seiendes*). The European thinkers tended consistently to forget the difference between Being (*Sein*) and being (*Seiendes*).[6] (*Seiendes* connotes here the unity of the world of perception. It refers to the world of objects. It deals with trees, mountains, houses, rivers, shoes, books, desks, and human beings.) As a matter of fact, this unawareness of the essential distinction between *Sein* and *Seiendes* incarnates the very keynote of the European thought. This lapse, however, ought not to be conceived in a negative manner. It does not mean that the post-Socratic thinkers were incompetent and were incapable of being able to appreciate the gravity of their lapse. On the contrary, such a lapse was inevitable. For it belongs to the very nature of Being (*Sein*) to conceal itself in the world of being (*Seiendes*).

So fundamental is this lapse from Being into the world of mere being, that philosophers tend to opine that an enquiry into Being is irrelevant and unwarranted. The problem of Being is usually regarded

[6] MARTIN HEIDEGGER: *Holzwege* (Vittorio Klostermann. 1957. Frankfurt a.M.), p. 336.

as a barren problem. Any enquiry into the nature of Being, avers Heidegger, is impeded by following three misconceptions: Firstly, it is held that "Being" is the most general concept. It is wrongly held that such an extremely general concept requires no further clarification. On the contrary, declares Heidegger, "Being" is rather the most obscure concept. Secondly, the extremely general nature of Being is cited to prove the impossibility of ever being able to define it. Heidegger concedes the impossibility of defining Being; for definitions are to be attained only in the world of being (*Seiendes*). But this indefinable nature of *Sein* emphasizes only the need for a truly meticulous enquiry into the nature of Being. Finally, Being is conceived to be a self-evident concept. Everybody, it is often maintained, knows what Being is. We already know what Being is, when we are able to understand such statements as "the sky *is* blue," "I *am* happy," etc. Heidegger, however, refuses to be so easily silenced. He is convinced that this vaguely self-evident nature of Being serves merely to demonstrate its essentially obscure nature.[7] In other words, all these objections serve merely to demonstrate the need for a resolute enquiry into the nature of Being. Further, despite the profoundly obscure nature of Being, we are helped by the fact that we do have always a notion of Being, although it is very vague and tends to strain our conceptual powers. Indeed, we are endowed essentially with an understanding of Being (*Seinsverständnis*). Hence the need for renewed efforts at understanding Being.

S. Subhash Chandra

(*To be concluded*)

[7] Heidegger: *Sein und Zeit*, pp. 3-4.

THE IDEALS OF PHILOSOPHY AND REVOLUTION

[**Dr. B. V. Kishan,** of the Department of Philosophy, Andhra University, Waltair, argues with feeling upon the importance of philosophical ideas in social change. He illustrates this with the ideas of several philosophers whose effect on social institutions has been profound and lasting. It is now more important than ever, perhaps, that each step in social change should be governed by principles of universal validity, not merely by the pressures or the feelings of the moment.—Ed.]

Philosophical ideas play an important part in the lives not only of men but also of nations. Ideas govern the activities of a man; the moral, political, and economic structure of a nation is determined and inspired by its ideology. In every social and political change old ideals give place to new, though not without leaving a residue; and it is such shifts in the undercurrents of philosophical ideas that determine the shape of external things. The part played by philosophy in explaining the life of man and his relation with the universe is as important as the personality of the philosopher to mankind in the hour of peril or social and political unstability. In the classic definition of Plato the philosopher is "the spectator of all time and existence." His ideas possess universal validity. They are rooted in the universal elements of human thought and civilization which one generation passes on to the other. By providing a synthesis of universal truths and ideals governing the different phases of human life and activity, philosophy helps to solve the cultural or social crises arisen in a society.

> What, then, is philosophy? [asks D. S. Robinson]. What is this unique function which is so essential to the creativity of a culture? In the first place, it is a serious and sustained criticism of the existing social organization and customs, including the comparison of them with those of neighbouring peoples. And in the second place, it is the vision of an ideal which can function effectively in the reconstruction of the social order and in the enrichment of cultural values. Philosophy begins when a people are turned by their thinkers to an examination of the worth of their *mores* and of their beliefs, and when they follow the guidance of these thinkers in reconstructing their cultural values in the light of an ideal. Such a reconstruction is necessary at every period of a growing culture, and philosophy constitutes the growing edge by which a culture advances to an even greater enrichment of its cultural values.[1]

[1] D. S. Robinson: *Crucial Issues of Philosophy* (The Christopher Publishers. 1955), p. 96.

Change and reconstruction are impossible in the absence of vision, and the philosopher who is to be the visionary cannot be a person severed from society and culture. The essence of reconstruction lies in adopting a new set of ideas and working them out under careful control. In reconstruction and social change every idea which is a remnant of an old order is not discarded; some are assimilated and mingled with new ideas. Universal ideas, which are not confined to any particular social order, always survive and are absorbed into the texture of a new social order. There is something of a genetic continuity in the growth of human thought and in various philosophies. Every branch of human enquiry, every field of study and research, in one way or another, forms the subject-matter of philosophy. Problems which are related to man and his life, whether they are religious, social, political, cultural, or scientific and technological, fall within the scope of philosophy and are dealt with by philosophers. The "aim of philosophy in its widest sense is to comprehend all rational human thought — whether it relates to 'what is' or to 'what ought to be' — as one coherent whole."[2]

The influence of philosophical ideas is manifested in different fields of human activity and existence. Philosophic ideas may revolutionize the life of an individual and lead him to profess a particular creed or dogma which fulfils his requirements and needs. In India systems of philosophy always found followers who believed in the efficacy of their adopted systems. New ideological patterns and philosophic points of view initiate new phases of religious and cultural advancement, replacing old ways, old customs, and beliefs which have lost their value to meet the needs of a growing society. In this aspect the scope of philosophy is related to the problems of human life, culture, and society. The purpose of philosophy lies in its

> attempts to reconcile the old and the new in a culture. It seeks, and sometimes finds, simplifying principles with which it can unify the culture of a people that has been torn asunder by its own growth. The great philosopher is he who best formulates these principles and who best interprets his own culture at the time when he lives. To do this he must transcend his own time, and see the past out of which his people have evolved, and the future towards which they are moving. And so we must conclude that the real essence of philosophy is the continuous reinterpretation of cultural contents, and the continuous reconstruction of the whole of a culture in such a way as to conserve the best that there is in tradition, and also the best that there is in the creative achievement of a people as they

[2] SIDGWICK: *Philosophy, Its Scope and Relations* (Macmillan and Co., London. 1902).

develop the various aspects of their culture.[3]

The emergence of a new philosophy always tries to fill the gap or vacuum in the structure of human thought which has resulted, during the preceding phase, from an advancement in knowledge or a blind adherence to erroneous views. The new philosophy points out the epistemological absurdities and tries to remove them by providing a solution.

According to some recent eminent thinkers, philosophy is a weapon of social change. Undoubtedly this is one of many equally important functions of philosophy. Speculative thought and metaphysics cannot claim any value if they remain aloof from man and society. It is difficult to imagine the existence of a system of thought with no relation to man and society. In one way or another the ideals of philosophy pervade the lives of individuals and illuminate their understanding in the hour of crisis. Philosophies have served the cause of social and political changes and revolutions. Whenever in history monarchs became tyrants and whenever under political exploitation people groaned, the ideals of human freedom and human equality have inspired the masses to revolt against the tyrannical rule and subjugation.

The influence of a great philosopher is far-reaching and it is not limited to a particular period and place in history. Philosophic ideals which are humanistic and revolutionary have changed the destinies of nations. Locke's writings had a great impact on the nature of the society and government of many countries and ushered in an era of freedom and democracy.

> The true sovereign of his State was the people, which, however, delegated its authority to a legislative assembly. This assembly was itself elected by the people, and controlled by general elections. The power of the monarchy was hedged around in every possible manner. It was a Constitutional monarchy deriving its authority explicitly from the consent of the people. The State, as conceived by Locke, was democratic in the most important sense that its unity and strength lay in the willing acceptance of law by a free people, whose legislature had itself framed the law it was to obey. Locke's Civil Government was the last word of the seventeenth century on the radical side and it made the issues clear to the eighteenth.[4]

The "American Declaration of Independence" remains one of the

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[3] D. S. Robinson: *op. cit.*, p. 97.

[4] R. I. Aaron: *John Locke* (Oxford. 1955), p. 304.

fundamental proclamations of human equality and freedom. The Declaration mirrors the influence of Locke's philosophy on the minds of the American masses and the authors of the American revolution.

> In the realm of practical affairs, his influence was greatest in the realms of politics and economics. Both his general theories and specific recommendations were to influence thought and action at home and abroad through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The American Declaration of Independence adopted not only the ideas but the phraseology of the *Second Treatise*. The essential principles of this work are still important to the Anglo-Saxon world of politics and government.[5]

The idea that all men are born equal is not new to mankind, but when it was presented to the French nation by Rousseau,[6] it produced a tremendous impact, and became one of the causes of the French revolution. The ideas of Rousseau germinated wherever they found suitable environment and liberated men from the yoke of tyrannical rule. Though there are other thinkers and philosophers who are equally important, only Rousseau is regarded as an author of the French Revolution.

> The French revolution was doubtless caused by a multitude of concurrent causes — economic, social and political. But it was helped to birth by Rousseau's *Social Contract*, a book which was far more the work of individual genius than a product of social tendencies. In the same way those who reflected his thought and re-echoed his opinions in England were isolated from their age, leaders not led. At all times it is extremely difficult to decide how far a philosophy creates history and how far that philosophy is simply the inevitable expression on paper of forces and activities already at work in society — an intriguing question and not one that is capable of a definite solution.[7]

The Social Contract theory of Rousseau could not have achieved such important results in modern times if the idea of the natural goodness of man were absent from it. In the words of G. D. H. Cole,

> the fundamental dogma of the natural goodness of man finds no place directly in the *Social Contract*; but it lurks behind the whole of his political theory, and is indeed, throughout, his master concept.

The non-violent Indian revolution guided by Mahatma Gandhi is a tribute to the efficacy of humanistic, democratic, and spiritual ideas.

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[5] H. R. Penniman: Introduction to his edition: *John Locke: On Politics and Government* (D. Van Nostrand. 1947), pp. 8–9.

[6] John Morley: *Rousseau* (Macmillan. 1910), Vol. I, p. 182.

[7] Ivor Brown: *English Political Theory* (Methuen. 1929), p. 10.

The Indian revolution has proved the worth of the concepts of love, compassion, truth, tolerance, equality, and freedom. Gandhiji was not only a truthful follower of the Hindu religion but also a great admirer of other religions. His concept of non-violence can be traced back equally to the teachings of Christ and the old philosophies of India, China, and Greece. Gandhiji was a great revolutionary who had in him the assimilated wisdom of East and West. Ideas of political democracy and socialism, of village government and *Panchayat* rule, all play an equal role in the ideology of Gandhiji. Gandhiji's life is an example of a holy man in action. Whenever he was amidst crises and difficulties, he derived solace and inspiration from the religious scriptures. In them he found gems of truth and expert guidance which helped him without fail in his gigantic struggle to free India from alien domination.

The Gandhian technique of revolution is different from the methods adopted in the French and Russian revolutions. For Gandhiji said that one should not hate the enemy. One should oppose him, without cowardice or fear, to stop the perpetration of injustice. Hatred of a person, even if he is a tyrant, infringes the sanctity of the human person. A human being possesses a soul which is sacred; hence man should be regarded with respect. But that does not mean that tyrants should be allowed to perpetrate injustice unhampered. On the contrary one should seek to evoke goodness which is present in every man. *Satyagraha* is the technique which helps in achieving this end. Gandhiji, who had firm belief in an all-pervading Reality which binds all men together, could not think of committing violence against any man.

In the life and activities of Gandhiji, we find the expression of the combined wisdom of the philosophies of India which are fully saturated with religious and humanistic fervour. He put into practice those ancient ideals of the East which were accumulated in the course of thousands of years of contemplation, growth, and progress achieved in the realms of religion, philosophy, and politics. Old philosophic and political ideals, which breathe the spirit of human equality, brotherhood, toleration, and love, remain as vital and energetic today as they must have been on the day of their conception.

B. V. KISHAN

THE RELIGION OF BERNARD SHAW

[**Mr. Eric J. Batson** is an authority on Bernard Shaw. He is the editor of *The Shavian*, and has held and holds offices in the Shaw Society. He has contributed authoritative articles on Shaw to various works of reference, and lectured on Shaw to the City Literary Institute, London, and the London Branch of the Indian Institute of World Culture.

It is good to have so vigorous a sketch of the religion of Bernard Shaw. Whatever the degree of our acceptance or non-acceptance of his ideas, we have all been refreshed and cleansed by his serious and selfless concern with ideas, which he embodied with marvellous mastery of prose in his plays and prefaces.—Ed.]

It may be truly said, I think, that Shaw's favourite subjects, in play and preface, were those three that he once declared the ablest and most cultivated people discuss to the detriment of everything else: Religion, Politics, and Sex; and for him the greatest of these was Religion. He is, in fact, primarily a religious playwright and thinker, and religion is the central theme of some of his finest plays: *Man and Superman*, *Major Barbara*, *Androcles and the Lion*, *Back to Methuselah*, and *Saint Joan*. Shaw, who was on intimate terms with many great religious souls, orthodox and unorthodox, from Annie Besant to Dean Inge and the Roman Catholic Abbess of Stanbrook, makes Lavinia in *Androcles and the Lion* say: "Religion is such a great thing that when I meet really religious people we are friends at once, no matter what name we give to the divine will that made us and moves us." When Lady Britomart chides her daughter, Major Barbara, for going on so joyfully as if religion were a pleasant subject, Barbara's Mephistophelean father, Andrew Undershaft, replies on her behalf: "I do not find it an unpleasant subject, my dear. It is the only one that capable people really care for." In *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, the exuberant Young Lady complains to the Priest: "You talk a lot about religion here. Cant you think of something livelier? I always say let life come to you; and dont bother about religion." To which the Priestess, his companion, replies: "An excellent rule. But the more you let life come to you, the more you will find yourself bothering about religion."

Shaw, with his lifelong concern for enhancing the quality of life and having it come as abundantly as possible, bothered about religion from his earliest days until he died in his ninety-fifth year. It is the theme of his first published letter and an important feature of his Last Will and Testament. It is a constantly recurring topic, not only in his plays,

but in his other writings and in his speeches. "We must have a religion if we are to do anything worth doing," he declared in a lecture at the New Reform Club in March 1912, in which he also made the dogmatic assertion that "people who have no religion are cowards and cads" — adding, however, the important clarification that

> an atheist is not a man who has no religion, any more than a professing Christian is necessarily a person who has a religion. Obviously the majority of Christians today have not any religion, and they have less of Christianity than of any religion on earth. What I mean by a religious person is one who conceives himself or herself to be the instrument of some purpose in the universe which is a high purpose, and is the motive power of evolution — that is, of continual ascent in organization and power and life, and extension of life.

Anyone, said Shaw, in the grip of and recognizing such a purpose and power is religious, no matter what names he gives himself or it. As Another once said: "By their fruits shall ye know them," not by their faces and labels.

It is not easy to label Shaw. Heterodox, heretical, and unconventional, tinged at times with a diverting "superficial blasphemy" (as G. K. Chesterton called it), Shaw's religion is influenced not only by older faiths, but makes unblushing use of biblical terminology. He would, I think, have proudly disclaimed and reversed Bishop Warburton's famous dictum: "Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy." In fact, he did proclaim before the Stage Censorship Commission of 1909:

> I am not an ordinary playwright in general practice. I am a specialist in immoral and heretical plays. My reputation has been gained by my persistent struggle to force the public to reconsider its morals. In particular, I regard much current morality as to economic and sexual relations as disastrously wrong; and I regard certain doctrines of the Christian religion as understood in England today with abhorrence. I write plays with the deliberate object of converting the nation to my opinion in these matters.

As by his own definition, "Whatever is contrary to established manners and customs is immoral," his own plays were in that sense "conscientiously immoral." His quest was to find an intellectually honest and credible creed for twentieth-century man, and he would have been prepared to risk his soul to that end. "There are some people," he once wrote to his friend, the Abbess, "who, like Judas Iscariot, have to be damned as a matter of heavenly business; but if I try to sneak

into paradise behind you they will be too glad to see you to notice me. . . ." In an important book recently published, *Religion in Modern English Drama* (University of Pennsylvania Press and Oxford University Press, 1961) Gerald Weales, discussing the leading religious playwrights of present times, including those more generally accepted as such, like T. S. Eliot, Charles Williams, and Christopher Fry, places first and foremost, however, Bernard Shaw, "as not only the best English playwright of the century, but also the best religious playwright." His importance for us as a religious teacher undoubtedly lies in his heterodoxy, the originality of his thought, the wit and fervour of his message, and the delights of its presentation in dramatic form.

Shaw, not yet twenty, reached London in 1876 at a time of intellectual and political ferment. He had already discovered that Inner Light, his imperative Moral Passion, described so feelingly by Jack Tanner in Act I of *Man and Superman*. At this period, too, before his departure for London, Shaw composed his letter to *Public Opinion* in Dublin, concerning the advent of what he called "the famous firm of American evangelists, Messrs Moody and Sankey," the more joyful musical side of whose services he may have enjoyed (as he did later the musical fervour of the Salvation Army), but the crude and narrow-minded dogma of which he could but deplore. For so young a man, he very maturely analyzes the reasons for the success of such revivalist meetings, and he very much regrets the dire effect on individuals of sudden conversion, making them "highly objectionable members of society" and inducing "their unconverted friends to desire a speedy reaction." Such crude salvationism is abhorrent. True religion is not to be had on the cheap. More impressed a few years later in London by the economic preaching and missionary zeal of Henry George, author of *Progress and Poverty,* Shaw became one of the first to read, study, and propagate (though later with much qualification) the economic theories of Karl Marx, and he was much exercised by contemporary controversy over the evolutionary discoveries of Charles Darwin. Like his fellow-vitalist, Samuel Butler, by whose writings he was deeply influenced, Shaw very soon decided that Darwin's materialistic and fatalistic view of evolution had made of history merely "a chapter of accidents" and had "banished mind from the universe," and from then on he became the leading literary champion of the more "creative evolutionary" theories of Lamarck, and, later, of Bergson, with their greater scope for individual free will and responsibility. Shaw, with the whole of his poetic and dramatic instincts, was against any form of Determinism.

Man, if he so willed, could put up mind as well as muscles, and all need not be lost in "the universal struggle for hogwash." As the Serpent says in Part I of *Back to Methuselah*: ". . . . imagination is the beginning of creation. You imagine what you desire; you will what you imagine; and at last you create what you will." According to Eric Bentley, Shaw's most perceptive modern critic, in his book on Shaw, the dramatist in *Back to Methuselah*

> puts his theory in the form of a dualistic metaphysic. Life and Matter are the two basic realities. The cosmic drama begins when Life, hitherto "a whirlpool in pure force," enters into Matter and assumes the familiar shapes of the vegetable, animal, and human world. At first Life is enslaved by Matter — as all history to date sadly records. But the higher man fights against his enslavement, and when his existence is released from Matter by the event called Death, and he reverts to the pure stream of Life, he returns his original endowment with interest, thereby helping to raise the general level. "The love of economy is the root of all virtue." Giving more than you get is the principle of Vital as of Political Economy.

Shaw's "Communism," with its insistence on world betterment and the general good (leaving the world a better place than you find it), is closely akin to his religion.

A confirmed mystic in his approach to the secrets of the universe, Shaw told his Roman Catholic Abbess (in a letter in 1924):

> I exhausted rationalism when I got to the end of my second novel at the age of twenty-four, and should have come to a dead stop if I had not proceeded to purely mystical assumptions. I thus perhaps destroyed my brain: but inspiration filled up the void, and I got on better than ever.

He once declared (in his *Sixteen Self Sketches*) that "Reason can discover for you the best way . . . to get from Piccadilly Circus to Putney, but cannot explain why you should want to go to Putney instead of staying in Piccadilly." Rationalism is only a starting point; it does not help the soul to take wing. As for Atheism, this is too negative an attitude — it tells what one does not believe, rather than what one does. Agnosticism is but atheism without the courage of its convictions. Though it was indeed in a phase of Shelleyan atheism that Shaw first arrived in London ("Like Shelley, I am a Socialist, an Atheist, and a Vegetarian," he told the Shelley Society in 1887), it was largely because he felt it a duty to proclaim himself a non-believer when such good men as Charles Bradlaugh were being persecuted for their atheism — for refusing to believe in the crude and vengeful Deity of Victorian sanctity

(the "Old Nobodaddy" of William Blake). Even late in life, when he wrote the preface to *Back to Methuselah* (1921), it is undoubtedly such as Shelley and Bradlaugh he has in mind when he states so nobly that

> God's trustiest lieutenants often lack official credentials. They may be professed atheists who are also men of honor and high public spirit. The old belief that it matters dreadfully to God whether a man thinks himself an atheist or not, and that the extent to which it matters can be stated with exactness as one single damn, was an error; for the divinity is in the honor and public spirit, not in the mouthed *credo* or non *credo*.

Shaw was concerned not only with the "Old Nobodaddy" the Fundamentalists had made of God (he deals with some hideous Old Testament originals in *The Black Girl in Search of God*), but, worse still, the "Devil" they had made of the Christ, his Son. Shaw was preoccupied with the figure of Jesus from at least as early as his unpublished Passion Play of 1878, now in the British Museum, and it might be suggested that, unable because of censorship restrictions to put this figure on the stage, he found the closest historical approximation at last in Saint Joan, who finds herself in so similar a situation at the end. (And is not the famous Epilogue to the play a kind of "resurrection?") He deals with Jesus at length in the preface to *Androcles and the Lion,* and one cannot but notice how close Shaw's own teaching is to several basic teachings of Jesus. In the preface to *On the Rocks,* there is a remarkable dialogue between Jesus and Pilate, in which Christ is made to say: "Without sedition and blasphemy the world would stand still and the Kingdom of God never be a stage nearer." Shaw's Jesus, like himself, is an Immoralist and Heretic.

Another great influence on Shaw, especially in the stripping off of masks from idols and false ideals, was Henrik Ibsen, who taught him that revelation is continuous and that it "is as silly as it is blasphemous" to think that God went out of business centuries ago and has not been heard from since. One must have ears ever alert for the Voice. Shaw detected it in many places, ancient and modern — late in life in India in the temples of the Jains, whose prohibition of even the mention of God ("not on materialist atheist considerations, but as unspeakable and unknowable, transcending all human comprehension") appealed to Shaw greatly, as did their non-anthropomorphic conception, so like that of his own Life Force, "without body, parts, and passions."

Shaw's ears were very alert, and he found his inspiration in many sources. As Eric Bentley has pointed out, with Shaw it is not a case of

"either-or" but of "both-and." He is able to take up many lines of truth simultaneously, and this makes him the multi-faceted thinker and great synthesizer he is. It adds notably to his efficacy as a dramatist, for he can present all sides of a case with high sincerity. The Inquisition gets as fair a hearing as Saint Joan. Professor Cusins says to Barbara: "...that is my life's work. I know all their catchwords. They are nothing to me: I am interested in the essence of all religions, not in their catchwords or in yours." It was this true essence that Shaw wished to "distil," straining it off from the "muddy distortions" of orthodox beliefs.

Shaw's attitude to orthodox religions is basically Marxist, for he sees them very much as the outcome of social and economic environment. Men have created gods in their own image since the Dawn of Time. By making men better and improving their environment and conditions, their gods will become a truer symbol of the great power that makes and moves the universe. Even so, it is an imperfect God, making mistakes as it evolves *with* the universe. We are its brain cells and limbs, its chief instrument on earth — in fact, a part of God. In short, Shaw was looking for a universal basis of belief for the more sceptical modern mind — for a religion ("Creative Evolution" was the best name he could think of for it) both poetic and scientific, as catholic and comprehensive as possible, inclusive not exclusive, acceptable to those of all creeds and none, provided they were not too dogmatic or fundamentalist. Rewards and punishments would have no part in it; neither would atonement — God's work must be done for its own sake.

> This is the true joy in life [writes Shaw to A. B. Walkley in the Epistle Dedicatory of *Man and Superman*], the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy. And also the only real tragedy in life is the being used by personally minded men for purposes which you recognize to be base.

I would suggest that this Shavian approach to religion has a great deal to offer the modern world, where so many find themselves rudderless and without purpose or faith. As Don Juan says to the Devil in *Man and Superman*: "to be in hell is to drift: to be in heaven is to steer." Heavenly navigation is our business as free souls. Shaw's purposive religious philosophy is above all the religion of a free soul.

ERIC J. BATSON

LOYALTY

[**Mr. E. W. Martin,** historian and sociologist, is familiar to our readers. In another thoughtful article he defines loyalty as "more a matter of being than doing" and the loyal man as "one who has attempted, however painfully, to come to terms with himself." By remaining free in the mind and intellectually vigilant the individual will to a great extent provide that he remains loyal to the things that matter.—Ed.]

Students of social life today tend to interpret the word loyalty somewhat differently than did social philosophers in the nineteenth century. An American philosopher of that period, Josiah Royce, thought that loyalty, when rightly interpreted, was the whole duty of man. He urged that the problem was to find out what to do when loyalties appear to be in conflict.

> My thesis is [he writes] that *all those duties which we have learned to recognize as the fundamental duties of the civilized man, the duties that every man owes to every man, are to be rightly interpreted as special instances of loyalty to loyalty.* In other words, all the recognized virtues can be defined in terms of our concept of loyalty. And this is why I assert that, when rightly interpreted, loyalty is the whole duty of man.[1]

Royce further believed that human choice is, in any circumstances, fallible; and the human being, therefore, when faced with the need to decide, must act positively. After all the facts have been weighed a man would hope that he could act wisely. But in any event he must act.

Today the situation is different for the thoughtful citizen. In an age dominated by mass communication, by organizations and all kinds of persuasion his judgment may be adversely affected. Social judgment of any kind is far more difficult in this complex age than it was for those who lived and wrote a century ago.

In modern democracies such as India, Britain, or America writers, scientists, and politicians are often tormented by the idea of loyalty. In every responsible citizen there is a hard core of natural and legitimate patriotism. But sometimes this national patriotism conflicts with ideals about humanity as a whole and the need to share not only money and goods, but perplexities and cultural and scientific ideas.

The writer who attempts to interpret his age may find that powerful forces are aligned against his personal vision. The writer who desires (or needs) to make money may be forced to serve the interests behind

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[1] Josiah Royce: *Philosophy of Loyalty.*

the commercial television companies. His own ideas will be buried in the insistent demand for entertainment and triviality. Any loyalty he may feel toward ideas, his own vision of truth or of society, will conflict with his economic needs. This cannot be avoided without some form of state patronage for literature. And such patronage would not solve all the problems because good literature is the product of conflict.

Some years ago a British novelist, Mr. Graham Greene, developed an idea which is worth thinking about. He saw the function of the writer as being something like that of the rebel, the nonconformist:

> Perhaps the greatest pressure on the writer comes from the society within society: his political or his religious group, even it may be his university or his employers. It does seem to me that one privilege he can claim, in common perhaps with his fellow human beings, but possibly with greater safety, is that of disloyalty. I met a farmer the other day who was employing two lunatics; what fine workers they were, he said; and how loyal. But, of course, they were loyal; they were like the conditioned beings of the brave new world. Disloyalty is our privilege. But it is a privilege you will never get society to recognize. All the more necessary that we who can be disloyal with impunity should keep that ideal alive.[2]

It would seem that Mr. Greene has (in 1948) an idea of disloyalty which might seem shocking in retrospect. But his view is that of a creative writer who has been deeply concerned with all kinds of human problems. He has never advocated disloyalty for its own sake and neither has he been afraid to write about controversial issues. Every person has a natural loyalty toward self, family, neighbourhood, and nation. When this loyalty is affected then disloyalty can become a danger.

Writers with a serious purpose are constantly preoccupied with personal and social issues. They cannot be guided by the criteria of popularity or unpopularity, although in an imperfect society this is just the kind of problem that confronts many. It would be wrong to say that "popularization" of a culture is wrong in itself. Yet the cultivation of a popular culture for its own sake does tend towards artistic disloyalty.

Perhaps the position of the scientist is far more difficult than that of the writer. When a scientist is engaged in what is called work of "national importance" he will almost certainly be questioned as to his political beliefs and commitments. At this point his personal life impinges on his public life so that his public role as a scientist will affect his life as a citizen. It is not easy to see how this can be avoided in a context where peace means only absence of war. Peace, however, is a

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[2] GRAHAM GREENE: *Why Do I Write?*

positive condition and not a negative precaution. For the reason that nations have not been able to get into a climate making for true peace, the scientist is caught up in all the toils characteristic of a civilization that spends much of its wealth in storing up armaments against the possibility of war.

Like writers, scientists have to learn the art of social compromise. Communication with those who are not scientists becomes difficult and even dangerous. The family, or an intimate circle of friends, is the fulcrum for the expression of personal belief. The private world of the individual may remain relatively unaffected by restrictions and regulations.

Politicians make up the class which is most aware of the changed attitude toward loyalty in our time. Loyalty in the nineteenth century was really a kind of conformity. Those who did not conform were at once penalized for apparent disloyalty. In British political life there is still a great deal of personal liberty. The politician is forced to recollect that he is a member of a political party. If he persists in defying the view of the majority he risks expulsion from the group.

Can this be otherwise if good government is to endure? The end of all political activity is agreement; and those who will not co-operate in that process may, in some circumstances, be publicly criticized for disloyalty. The freedom of the individual was formerly underlined as of the highest importance. There is now a general tendency to think that the good of the group, of the nation and mankind may be worthier objectives.

The inquirer in the mid-twentieth century, beset on all sides by agencies of mass communication and mass persuasion, still has to find out for himself what loyalty means for him. If his special interests lie in literature or in politics or science, or if he is employed by an organization in an administrative or executive capacity, he will have to draw certain lines at the point where public and private interests meet.

A recent writer has said that it is wrong to assume that communication of ideas is a secondary process:

> We degrade art and learning by supposing that they are always second-hand activities: that there is life, and then afterwards there are these accounts of it. Our commonest political error is the assumption that power — the capacity to govern other men — is the reality of the whole social process, and so the only context of politics.[3]

This writer has contended (rightly I think) that the life of man is

[3] Raymond Williams: *Communication.*

a struggle to learn, to understand and communicate. Reality itself is changed by this process which means so much to the continuance of democratic methods and processes. People can change their ideas and modify their social judgments, so that in this way they remain free. Their essential loyalty lies in their loyalty to this dedication of mind and spirit to what is real and cardinal in daily life.

For the ordinary citizen, not forced to struggle with ideas or to face basic realities it is enough to be aware of the need to exercise the mind so that it can make social judgments. The business man, proud of his loyalty to an organization, may have acquired this loyalty at the expense of his personal integrity. He may be the true "organization man" which is probably too much of a generalization to be very helpful in evolving laws for the conduct of life in a civilization that becomes more unified and more complex. Organization men are not to be despised for their loyalty or for anything else. They may be doing the best that can be done in their particular situation. What is important is that they should be socially aware, be self-critical and courageous enough to make a stand when their organization restricts basic personal liberties.

To speak now about a "loyalty to loyalty" is meaningless. The personal loyalty which an individual feels toward his country or his employer or his religious or political group, is always tied up with a public loyalty. This public loyalty may be a national characteristic, a political policy or a religious faith. The loyal man is one who has attempted, however painfully, to come to terms with himself. His self-knowledge is a quest; and it is a quest which depends on communication with his fellows.

The quality of our living is related to the quality of our learning. Original thought always depends on the individual spark of principle within us. So loyalty — like truth, justice, freedom or equality — is more a matter of being than of doing. The re-education of man in society depends not on laws or social conditions so much as on the quality of life to which the person attains. If he can think socially and philosophically then he will be able to see the contemporary meaning of loyalty in his own terms.

Because mass society makes so many demands on the person it is obvious that the person must take care, be on his guard, so that he remains free in his mind. His thought is his own. It cannot be manipulated unless he is willing to allow this to happen. Our democratic systems depend on the way individuals respond to contemporary danger and opportunities. By examining the thoughts of those philosophers and

teachers who have written about society in the past it becomes possible to carry their ideas forward into our own age.

All writers, scientists, politicians, and thoughtful citizens have to interpret the dominant traits of their time. By doing this it is possible to see where loyalty is essential and where it is inessential. For this constant communication is necessary. All types of people, all classes and individuals have their part to play in that process; and if they are loyal in this effort of self-development it is likely that they will not be disloyal in the things that matter.

E. W. Martin

"That violence whereby sometimes a man doteth upon one creature is but a little spark of that love, even towards all, which lurketh in his nature. When we dote upon the perfections and beauties of some one creature, we do not love that too much, but other things too little. Never was anything in this world loved too much, but many things have been loved in a false way, and all in too short a measure." Traherne might have added (what many poets and novelists have remarked) that, when "we dote upon the perfections and beauties of some one creature," we frequently find ourselves moved to love other creatures. Moreover, to be in love is, in many cases, to have achieved a state of being in which it becomes possible to have direct intuition of the essentially lovely nature of ultimate reality. "What a world would this be, were everything beloved as it ought to be!" For many people, everything is beloved as it ought to be only when they are in love with "some one creature." The cynical wisdom of the folk affirms that love is blind. But in reality, perhaps, the blind are those who are not in love and who therefore fail to perceive how beautiful the world is and how adorable.

—Aldous Huxley

FIRE IN THE HILLS

[**Shri Annada Sankar Ray** is one of the most distinguished of living Bengali writers. This limpid, slight tale says more than meets the eye, and reminds us at once of great calamities and the stern ethical questions that we must ask of ourselves when calamities occur.—Ed.]

When I heard of the fire in the hills my thoughts went back to my childhood. A hill caught fire. The hill was opposite the main gate of our house in the Garjat mountains. A hot wind made us aware of the fire in the daytime. As evening fell a red glow became visible. Flames circled the throat of the mountain, running from one side to another. All night long the tongues of fire licked at the hill, walking while we slept. Now and then the heat of the wind disturbed our slumber. We woke and watched them.

We had not been able to get away. Think of the trees, the beasts and the birds! They had been trapped. Fire was all around them. Wherever they turned they found it. Trees burst into flame where they stood. The hill which had been a sanctuary to them had turned into a deadly snare. I wept for the poor things. But I was still a child. I could not save myself. How could I save them?

Not a year passed without one hill or another catching fire. Sometimes it was Garh Hill, sometimes Megha Hill, sometimes Kutuniya. Or Korea. These hills were not so close to us. The heat was not felt so much in the village. But in the evenings I would sit and watch the flames. Their red glowing tongues licked at the life of the mountain. Nero would have played his violin while he contemplated the fascinating spectacle, the work of nature.

Of nature? When I was a little older I asked, "Who starts the fires? Man or nature? Is it a natural calamity like a typhoon or an earthquake or is it the work of man as we know it in the village, arson?" In reply I was told that the people who go into the forests to gather firewood or chop down trees sometimes carelessly leave a half-smoked cigarette or a smouldering roll of tobacco behind them, lying among the dry leaves. The dry leaves, blown lightly about by the wind, spread the conflagration. Who knows which way a little water flows? A careless ignorant fellow thus becomes the unwitting cause of the death of a whole hill full of lovely living creatures and plants, doomed to destruction without notice. Afterwards there was always a scramble for the venison and roasted fowls. One's ruin is another's gain.

"Why doesn't anybody put out the fires?" I asked those older than

myself.

The answer was that the hill belonged to the Raja. It was for the owner of the hill to put out the fire. The Raja would not do it himself. He commanded his Dewan to do it. The Dewan passed on the order to the Forest Officer. The Forest Officer went to the spot himself but he ordered the Rangers to do the work. The Rangers bustled about but they ordered the Forest Guards to carry out their instructions. The Forest Guards did a lot of shouting and made a lot of noise but they passed their orders on to the village Chowkidars. The Chowkidars summoned the poorest of the villagers. They are forced by law to give the Raja their labour free. They are called *betiyas*. Not a penny will be given them for their pains. Any venison or roast jungle fowl they may find has to be shared with their superiors. "Coming, we're coming," they say, "We're going. We're getting ready. We'll get ready. First we must get some water. And some sand." Fire is easier to find than water. There is a single well in the village and water has to be drawn from it laboriously. The Raja's officers look on. They curse the people and beat them as they stand around. The work makes little progress. The fire has, by this time, gone beyond control. It will burn itself out, stopping where and when it pleases, in a few days.

Fires occur every year. Why aren't precautions taken in advance? Why is there no fire brigade? Why is there no fire drill? I asked these questions when I was older. In reply I was told that, though it was possible to take all these precautions, nothing could in fact be done. The income of the Raja was a mere three lakhs. One and a half lakh was required to maintain his family in a royal style. A lakh went to pay the salaries of his officers. Roads, schools, hospitals, and everything else had to be provided for out of the balance. There was even a jail to be kept going even though there were not many prisoners. How were so many people to be fed?

Little by little I grew older and bigger. Little by little I realized that it is possible to put fires out but that they are not put out. Why should fires occur at all? They can be prevented with a little care. Why aren't they prevented? In reply I was told that if nobody went into the forest there would not be any fires. Not all hills burn. But to pass a law against anyone entering the forest to gather firewood or, if they were permitted to enter, against smoking while they were there would be useless. To people who engage in hard physical labour all day tobacco is as necessary as rice. And they'll gather firewood, permit or no permit.

Prevention is possible yet fires are not prevented. I asked more ques-

tions when I was still older. This time I questioned not only my elders in the family but those outside as well. I was told in reply that the hill belonged not to the Raja but to the people. Its protection is a matter of concern for everybody. One cannot sit idly by and leave things to the Raja's officers. Where prevention is possible, preventive measures must be taken. Where prevention is not possible but the fire can be put out, it must be out. Where it cannot be put out it must be brought under control and its ravages reduced to the minimum. Women and children can be saved if one tries hard enough.

ANNADA SANKAR RAY

Translated from the Bengali by LILA RAY

THE BOURGUIBA CHILDREN'S VILLAGES

[**Mrs. Florence E. Pettit,** who is keenly interested in youth work among other things, has written for us in the past of such projects. In this short article she tells us of the excellent work being done in Tunisia to rehabilitate delinquent and disowned children. The importance of such work cannot be overestimated, and our glad good wishes go out to President Bourguiba, who set the project moving.—ED.]

ONE OF THE FIRST TASKS that President Bourguiba undertook when Tunisia gained her independence in the spring of 1955, was that of caring for the thousands of unwanted children who thronged the streets of the capital. Lonely, dirty, illiterate, these abandoned children had become sick and anti-social. The only way in which they could earn enough to eat occasionally was to polish the shoes of the infrequent tourist, or beg for coins from passers-by.

The President sent a message thus:

> If you have lost your parents, my children, do not consider yourselves orphans. The Nation, aware of her dignity and responsibilities, will accomplish her duties towards you, and you will find in her the parents, the protectors to whom you are entitled.

The Tunisian birthrate, as in most Muslim countries, is very high. The country is comparatively unproductive, although agricultural miracles are happening under the new régime. The foreigners who dominated the land for generations, the Romans, Phoenicians, Arabs, Turks, Spaniards, and latterly the French, have left some of their gifts and cultures behind, but no one previously had done very much for the children.

Few developing countries have such an awareness of the true riches of the land as has the President of Tunisia. Few understand that the children of today are the citizens of tomorrow. Soon, under the wise guidance of the Tunisian Women's Association, there should be few children deprived of love and care, in their precious formative years.

The first bitter winter of national independence pin-pointed the plight of the young and helpless, so that by the spring of 1956 fourteen hundred children had been given shelter in Fair ground buildings near the capital. The army lent some equipment, and a health service was immediately set up. By the summer of the same year, a parliamentary decree founded The Department of Youth and Sport, and a fund was opened to assist the work. Within six months, the Higher Council for Children came into being, to co-ordinate the activities of various different administrations that were striving to protect and rehabilitate delinquent and disowned children.

The first Children's Village was founded in July 1956 at Ben Metir, near Tunis. Seven hundred and sixty children have been admitted. Some were brought in by their own families, others had been picked up in the streets, or abandoned by their mothers in hospitals.

These villages take different forms. Some are specifically for foundling babies. There are two for delinquent boys and another one for girls. The latter are housed in an old palace, for the days of the Bey are over. This school, at Den-Den, is a short stay centre only. Here the girls are not only taught to sew and embroider, but they are trained in good moral behaviour too.

I was shown some of the handiwork of these pupils by Madame Haddat, the only woman minister of the Tunisian parliament. At her lovely apartment in her late grandfather's house in the heart of Tunis, a room has been especially set aside for the display of needlework.

Madame Haddat has four children of her own, and she has taken up her work with heartfelt enthusiasm. Her organization has been entrusted with the stupendous task of educating the women of her country, for large numbers still live in ignorance and some, in the desert areas, still

wear the veil. But trained teachers and welfare assistants are rapidly going to all parts to teach simple housecraft to mothers, and to distribute clothing and other necessities.

The President firmly believes that the well-being of Tunisia depends as much upon the emancipation of her women and children as it does upon advances in the economic and political field.

At the village of Oued-Mellegue, two hundred and seventy boys learn agriculture, or go into the local factories and workshops. Some picked pupils are sent on to France to attend special training courses there.

Perhaps the most important village is El-Oudiane, the Young Citizens Village. Here eight hundred and fifty children, and nearly one thousand people live in what was once a mining area. The village is divided into three sections, with school and workshops in common. Here children are provided with a simplified version of real government. Electoral campaigns are held for the municipal elections. These are supported by the local press and the village newspaper. The children are passionately interested in these activities. Their own municipal council meets whenever the need arises. There is a police force and a court of justice to deal with mild misdemeanours. Their newspaper is called *Saadati fi Quariati*, meaning: "My happiness in my village."

Six hundred of these children go to primary school, while the older ones are taught crafts and industries.

In all these endeavours it is the enlightened women of Tunisia who are working, through their own organization, to protect and educate their children and those of more backward parents. Volunteers, known as Family Assistants, go to Tunis for specialized training, and then return to their villages to try to raise the health and housing standards. Already thousands of young girls have been taught to read and write, to sew and to cook. These, in their turn, will pass their knowledge on, until all can say:

My happiness in my village.

FLORENCE E. PETTIT

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE THOUGHT OF VIVEKANANDA *

THE APPEARANCE of this volume of selections from the writings and utterances of Swami Vivekananda is an appropriate and timely tribute to the memory of this eminent son of India, the centenary of whose birth has just been celebrated with enthusiasm all over the country. The *Complete Works* authoritatively published in eight big volumes are beyond the reach or competence of the ordinary man. Besides, fresh material is still coming to light, which will mean the publication of further volumes. In these circumstances, the present selections, carefully edited so as to provide a compact but thorough acquaintance with the thought of the great Swami, will serve a pressing need. Its value is enhanced by the excellent Introduction from the pen of Christopher Isherwood, the well-known interpreter of the Vedanta to the West, summarizing the life of the Swami and highlighting the salient points of his teaching. Although intended primarily for Western readers, the book will be no less useful for Vivekananda's own countrymen too.

Today, sixty years after the passing away of Swami Vivekananda, what impresses everyone is the stature of the man, and the breadth and vitality of his outlook. His message was international in its scope and altogether free from narrow parochial bounds. A fearless critic of the weaknesses of the contemporary East and West, he displayed no less courage in presenting the religion of the Vedanta in a spirit and context wholly at variance with its scholastic and traditional unworldliness. Whatever might be the effect of his impact on the West, it is beyond doubt that he roused India from the mental apathy in which she had been steeped for centuries upon the excuse of a so-called spirituality. The mighty movement which he initiated, combining spirituality with practicality, which has since been growing in strength, is a superb monument to his insight and foresight. The chorus of praise which is being raised to his memory is no more than his due. All honour to him.

And yet, some second thoughts are called for; not so much in regard to the intentions of Swami Vivekananda himself, as to the way in which his words, often thrown off at white heat, are likely to be misconstrued at this time if taken too literally. With unusual intensity Vivekananda felt that his peculiar mission lay in the interfusing of the spirit of religion with that of action; and he gave expression to his views with an impatience which is understandable in view of the magnitude of his task and the shortness of his life, of which he seems to have had some kind of prescience. Thus there appears in his teachings some measure of secularization on the one hand and of oversimplification on the other. They were badly needed. But the danger today lies precisely in the tendency to exaggerate these two trends. India's plight today as well as the mood of her leaders favours an interpretation of Vivekananda's message as if he envisaged religion as the handmaid of politics. Nothing could have been farther from his mind or, for that matter, from Gandhiji's mind later. The exact reverse is the truth. Isherwood, there-

* *What Religion Is: In the Words of* SWAMI VIVEKANANDA: Edited by JOHN YALE. Introduction by CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. (Phoenix House, London. 224 pp. 1962. 30*s*.)

fore, does well to stress that "it is a mistake to think of him as a political figure, even in the best meaning of the word."

The other tendency towards oversimplification arises from his habit of putting things forcibly and unequivocally. Vivekananda certainly valued and preached the need for physical strength and courage. Some of his statements, detached from their immediate context, do give an impression of adolescent thought. But we must remember that he was addressing young India, and did not want to water down his thought with too many qualifications. It would indeed be a sad parody if we were to imagine that he preached a kind of "muscular Hinduism," paralleling the "muscular Christianity" associated with the name of Charles Kingsley in Victorian England. All genuine spirituality involves paradoxical elements, a subtle blending of antitheses. Thus the *Bhagavad-Gita* insists that even action and inaction are not distinguishable on the surface, and that wisdom consists in realizing that they are mutually implicated. Common sense too is aware of this, in its own way, when it is said, for example, that a bully is a coward. The converse may also be true: apparent weakness may conceal real strength. Vivekananda was spiritually too mature for us properly to link such oversimplifications with his name.

One of the merits of the present volume of selections is that it steers clear of this double danger. The first two chapters are devoted to the exposition of Vivekananda's cherished ideal of a universal religion and the principles and practice of Vedanta. The succeeding chapters deal with the familiar paths of *Jnana Yoga, Raja Yoga, Karma Yoga,* and *Bhakti Yoga.* The last chapter is concerned with four great World Teachers: Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, and Vivekananda's own beloved Master Sri Ramakrishna. Altogether, we can cordially endorse the publishers' declaration that "this most enlightening book will make its readers feel and think. Many will be grateful for the clarification it brings to problems of life and death."

K. Guru Dutt

Indian Idealism and Modern Challenges. By P. T. Raju. (Panjab University Publication Bureau, Chandigarh. 208 pp. 1961. Rs. 10.00)

The onslaught against Idealism by Pragmatists and Institutionists like James and Bergson and the Realists like Moore and Perry has made it seem grand but shallow, a poor thing indeed. Yet, in India, Idealism has enjoyed the status of a representative system, culturally important, something valuable that could be exported to the West for *their* advantage. Dr. Raju undertakes its defence bravely.

He rightly points out that there are two main challenges Idealism must meet squarely if it is to survive; first, the ethico-religious objections, i.e., it must be shown to be a bulwark against moral and religious scepticism and a spur to good faith and action; secondly, it must justify itself in the face of science and other systems. Of the three parts of the book, the first two are devoted to an exposition of the Indian views and the third to matching these against various Western ones, particularly those that at present hold the vantage ground. In the former two, the author is at home, displaying a rare mastery of detail, and describes particularly the views of Śaṅkara and Rāmānuja, eked out occasionally by those of the Kashmir Advaitin. Improvements on these are suggested and much is made of the process of "polarization" — Dr. Raju seems to us not to realize that the word assumes the very fact that needs to be proved.

Of the challenges, the first one which the author notes is by the philosophical systems, and of these he examines only existentialism and phenomenology, completely ignoring the more radical outlook posed by logical positivism. Next, he discusses the impact of sciences both physical and psychological (of the latter, only the so-called "depth" psychology). Curiously enough, the ethical and religious difficulties, though often mentioned (see pp. 86-7), receive no sustained consideration.

In dealing with the challenges, however, the author, it seems, adopts a very fixed position. His standpoint is mainly brought out by reference to four defects in India's idealistic thought (pp. 86-96) and positively by asserting that the depths of man's being, according to Vedanta, will consist of thirteen levels — the number being greater than that given in the *Kaṭha Upaniṣad* (p. 165). Note the words "will consist of."

Science presents a double challenge to idealism, by its general attitude and basic principles (Chs. IX and XIV), and also by the facts which it discovers. Apropos of the former, there is inadequate discussion of the statements that all sciences, including psychology, only deal with the objective, and of Russell's views, which "stop short of discovering basic solutions." Against scientific philosophies the usual objection is urged — I feel without adequate discussion — "that they fail to explain the being of man and his freedom." I wonder if any philosophy has fared any better in this respect. One finds a loose statement such as "The truth is that electrons are objects posited by reason, whereas pens and pencils are objects posited by perception," soon followed by another that "reason is not absent in sense perception" (pp. 178-9). Rather worse, I find, others like: "Illusions and errors, like dreams and sleep, are evidence of man's consciousness being independent of his physical structure"; and "The relation between my conscious being and my body is similar to the relation between the table and the atoms etc., which constitute it" (p. 181).

The all too brief chapter on "Vedanta and Evolutionism" refers to what seems to me a very important problem, viz., if scientific evidence points to energy and matter as the actual starting point of the universe, where does the Absolute Spirit come in? Here too we get such verbal consolations as "There is no *a priori* reason, for making the former [viz., that originally matter existed by itself] but not the latter assumption" [i.e., its reverse]. We are also treated to the warning that if we follow science here, "ethics loses its justification." If so, it had better!

All along one has the feeling that the author would have done better if he had generally examined the question of the relation of "facts" as discovered by the various sciences to philosophical position, and this is particularly true about the longest chapter in this section, the one on depth psychology. The equation of the Unconscious with Matter (p. 150) takes the edge off the distinction and the confusion is worse confounded when Matter is made the source of Kantian categories as well as of archetypes. Only a few facts seem to be selected to fit the Procrustean bed the author has prepared for them. I also find the word "psychopath" used indiscriminately as well as such statements as: "The abuse of reason is called rationalization" (p. 161)!

The only ethical concept which is referred to is that of "freedom," and it is made "internal," to be "traced to the different levels of transcendence in man's conscious being and their tensions." Nothing is said about the usual objection that freedom is inconsistent with absolutism, as both Spinoza and the *Gita* openly aver. (For the latter refer particularly to XVIII. 60, 61 which are said to be "more secret than secrecy itself.")

The general impression created by

the book is thus of wide acquaintance with philosophies both Eastern and Western and of an original effort to meet the challenge to Indian Idealism. But the verdict must be: "case not proven."

A. K. JIANDANI

The Book of Mirdad: A Lighthouse and a Haven. By MIKHAIL NAIMY (Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London. 185 pp. 1962. 21*s.*)

I have been allowed very little space for my review of this excellent book, far less than it merits. But let me start by saying that I am delighted that Vincent Stuart has had the insight to publish it. I read *The Book of Mirdad* several years ago and, recognizing its wisdom, insight, and beauty, I did my best to find a British publisher for it; but without success. Naturally it was not a book that would appeal to everybody. It would serve as a lighthouse only to those who have practised meditation and who have experienced an expansion of the consciousness far beyond the narrow limits of the "*persona*." Mirdad writes of this expansion of consciousness as follows:

> Except you cross that void and that expanse in silent contemplation, you shall not know how real is your being, how unreal the non-being. Nor shall you know how fast your reality is bound up with all Reality.
>
> It is that Silence I would have you roam, that you may shed your old tight skin and move about unfettered, unrestrained.

Mirdad's message is the message which comes from the depths of all the great religions, and his instructions for moving about unfettered by the small "self" of everyday life are instructions similar to those given for the discovery of the Atman or greater Self of the Hindus.

Mikhail Naimy lives at Biskinta, perched high up in the Lebanese mountains. There he meditates every day. Arabic is his mother tongue and his twenty-two works in this language include drama, poetry, criticism, and biography. He is very widely known in the Arab world of letters, and it is high time that his literary merits were acknowledged in this country and in America. His friend, Kahlil Gibran, author of *The Prophet,* was for a time a best-seller in English-speaking countries, and in the reviewer's opinion, Mikhail Naimy is a writer possessed of a greater merit and of a wider outlook than those of his compatriot and friend, Gibran.

I should have liked to have ended by giving a résumé of the means by which Mirdad seeks to lead his readers from the narrow and cramped consciousness of their "personal selves" to a knowledge of that much greater Self of which mystics write. Two things prevent me from doing this. The first is the limit imposed on the length of my review, and the second is my inability to reproduce, in a résumé, the beauty of Mirdad's message. I recommend this book to all who enjoy good writing and who are interested in the riddle of their own existence.

KENNETH WALKER

The Anatomy and Excellence of Human Nature. By MACPHERSON LAWRIE. (The C. W. Daniel Company Ltd., Ashingdon, Rochford, Essex, England. 95 pp. 1962. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

By analysing the title — which at first sight may appear somewhat ambiguous — one reaches the kernel of this very readable book. In the first part Dr. Lawrie gives a description of "The Anatomy of Human Nature," i.e., man's instincts, natural tendencies, and urges;

he then goes on to show their "excellence." Even those characteristics which are commonly misused and condemned he shows to be intrinsically beneficent if rightly directed.

This does away with the idea that man is evil, born in sin. Dr. Lawrie is no fanatic, and admits that

> just as in the physical field we come across, here and there, congenital deformities, abnormalities and defects which must be accepted as existent, so do we in the mental field come across, here and there, congenital deformities, abnormalities and defects which must also be accepted as existent.

But this in no way alters the fact of man's goodness and "excellence" as a whole.

Since this is the case, why so much crime and cruelty in the world today? Dr. Lawrie considers upbringing, education, and environment to be the cause. One feels pretty sure that if his theories were put into practice there would be a dramatic fall in juvenile delinquency within a couple of decades.

Dr. Lawrie speaks with knowledge and authority (he is a specialist in psychological disorders) and is a very practical idealist. To quote him once again: "The goodness is in man's nature, restlessly awaiting proper and uplifting psychological and physical nourishment to produce the best."

Let us hope this book will be read, and its precepts followed by those who have the responsibility of guiding the young.

C. B.

Rgyan-Drug Mchog-Gnyis. (Namgyal Institute of Tibetology, Gangtok, Sikkim. 54 pp. 5 colour plates; 2 black-and-white plates. 1962. Rs. 25.00; 50*s*.)

This sumptuous slender volume is a treat to both the eye and the intellect. The Tibetan title literally means *Six Ornaments and Two Excellents,* which combinedly stand for the following eight foremost sages of the Mahayana School of Buddhism: Nagarjuna, Aryadeva, Asanga, Vasubandhu, Dignaga, Dharmakirti, Gunaprabha and Sakyaprabha. The main theme of the book is a set of five Tibetan *thankas,* reproduced here in their original colours, the first depicting the Buddha and the next four, in pairs, the aforementioned eight teachers in the given order. The other two plates contain line-drawings of the same, explaining the conventional order of display. The accompanying texts not only describe in detail the subject-matter of each painting, but also lucidly bring out the symbolism behind. Part II of the book gives, as background, an account of the Buddha, as also the life-sketch, the philosophy, and the works of every one of the eight masters.

In this way, this slender volume constitutes a very pleasant epitome of the vast ocean of the Mahayana discipline.

> With the decline of Buddhism in the plains of India this heritage found a new home in the Himalayas and trans-Himalayas. The priceless treasures of Indian literature were not only translated but also enriched with further expositions and commentaries in Tibet, Mongolia, China, and Japan. (p. 24)

The five *thankas,* we are told, have been "heirlooms of the Namgyal family and were painted by the sixth in the line of the Gyalwa Karmapa incarnation, that is, in the middle of the Seventeenth Century" (p. 5). Their colour scheme is extremely pleasing to the eye and is free from the typical Tibetan style of congestion. The figures with their settings exude serenity and sublimity.

The first six teachers were closely associated with the famous centre of Buddhism at Nalanda. Nagarjuna was the first abbot there. It was he who around the first century traditionally reclaimed the particular *Buddha-vachana* known

as *Prajñāpāramitā* from the Nagas and enunciated the Mahayana doctrine with the Order of the Bodhisattvas who strive for the enlightenment and liberation of all the beings — for the benefit of the many: for the bliss of the many (*bahu-jana-hitāya bahu-jana-sukhāya*).

B. Ch. Chhabra

Mount Athos: The Call from Sleep. By Erhart Kaestner. Translated by Barry Sullivan. (Faber and Faber, London. 192 pp. 1961. 30*s*.)

This is a fascinating guide to the monasteries and cliff hermitages on Mount Athos, the Holy Mountain of the Orthodox Church. Athos commands a view of the Aegean Sea, and could be easily reached from modern Salonica. Erhart Kaestner, one of the most famous of contemporary German writers, brings here the insight of the poet and mystic to his description of the heaving seas and the hanging cliffs, the mosaics and icons, the monks and their life of secluded contemplation. Herr Kaestner often feels baffled, for he cannot clutch with certainty at the meaning of the centuries-old Athonite monasteries. After sharing a meal with the monks, he senses its sacramental nature but is still unable to "determine why this silent meal following upon a sleepless night was so deeply affecting." On the other hand, Herr Kaestner raises no wall between himself and the place. He is open; he is ready to receive.

> Only at odd hours [he confesses] was I able to take in the essence of the place. It was the random, evasive things which chiefly spoke to me, and the reader may find them similarly hidden away in this record of mine.

Thus we are privileged to follow the author during his two journeys to Mount Athos where he visits the more important monasteries, Dionysiou, Grigoriou, Stavronikita, Great Lavra, and Kavsokalyvia; and as we follow him, we too receive intimations of the light of awareness that smite him unexpectedly in his "half pilgrim, half tourist journey" in this incredible terrain where nothing has changed for over a thousand years, where monks still live a life of elected seclusion amid the forests and vineyards:

> This was Athos, this was the South. Here things were what they had been for centuries. Here was the essence of a thousand years. One moved on the margin of time. The wick which lights the passage of time was turned down; it was barely in use. Another slight turn and one would have been exempted from time altogether.

Herr Kaestner's narrative makes clear that want of company or the gadgets of civilization has not resulted in any "emptiness" of mind and soul. On the contrary, a sense of serene fulfilment keeps the monks lively, and often their eyes are lit up with the aura of an inner peace. Father Avakum, for example, is "poor, but he possesses more than all the philosophers and intellectuals put together. He is truly enlightened." To Father Nikon, Antichrist is simply "emptiness," the opposite of fulfilment." One may have everything, yet feel empty and destitute because the hours have not been "filled and fulfilled" by God; one may have apparently nothing — no sort of excuse, no profession, no "results" to show, no "mother-warmth of community life in the frogs' pond," no security of any kind — and yet feel filled and fulfilled! Herr Kaestner's civilized values are nearly shaken: Can it be that *Homo sapiens* has been on the wrong track, after all? Is not Faust the beckoning of the modern age? And where has the Way of Faust led us?

> Could it be that this thirst for knowledge is vastly overrated — this science of ours, this monster idol of the West? For gradually we are coming to see that we are tied to the

spokes of a revolving wheel, which turns and turns without taking us anywhere.

But whereas the old Faustian way can only lead to ultimate emptiness, Goethe's *Faust* ends "with faith reconquered, at the foot of this holy mountain of the anchorites." Leaving the madding crowd of neon lights and space travellers behind, but seeking as a humble pilgrim life in the Spirit,

> Earth's insufficiency
> *Here* finds perfection.
> Here the ineffable
> Is wrought with love.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

Birth Control. By M. K. Gandhi. Edited by Anand T. Hingorani. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 198 pp. 1962. Rs. 4.00; 7*s*.; $1.80)

Expert opinion has differed, for over forty years, on the question whether birth control by artificial means is a panacea for our social ills or only a curse quickening the process of social disintegration. So much has been said on both sides that one finds it difficult to make a choice when faced with the problem. In India, at any rate, where the choice is between the purely materialist view of the West and the fundamentally spiritual ideals of traditional religion, the need for expert guidance in ordering one's life becomes supreme: and we cannot imagine anyone better fitted than Gandhiji to perform the role of "friend, philosopher, and guide" to resurgent India. There can be two opinions about the practicality of spiritualizing politics at a given moment; but the value of a spiritual goal in individual life can hardly be gainsaid. As Shri Hingorani observes in his Preface to this book:

> Gandhiji is dead against the use of contraceptives or other artificial methods for achieving the desired result. The moral ends, he holds, can only be attained by moral restraints. . . . Gandhiji suggests, in line with our ancient traditions, a way of *brahmacharya,* i.e., a way of self-restraint or self-control as the surest and only method of attaining birth control. Artificial methods, according to him, are like "putting a premium upon vice."

We all know that Gandhiji was not a blind follower of scripture; he reinterpreted the scriptures in the light of his own reason and built his own philosophy on the strength of his own "experiments with truth." His philosophy was all of a piece, stressing the fundamental unity of life, a unity which cannot brook watertight divisions like secular and religious. The three basic concepts of *brahmacharya, satya,* and *ahiṁsā* are involved in one another and are centred in harmony between speech, thought, and action. This is indeed the distilled essence of our scriptures from the Upaniṣads down to the musings of the mystic saints; and Gandhiji is not for losing the soul even if a kingdom could be gained thereby.

Gandhiji's idea of continence in married life, taken out of its context, can be easily caricatured. But he never uses the word *brahmacharya* in its narrow meaning of celibacy; he uses it in its widest sense as a discipline for the mastery of the science of life. Thus understood, it becomes the sole foundation for the achievement of life's spiritual ideal and the only trait that raises man above the beast. Our Upaniṣads and Smṛtis extol the married state as the best training ground for self-discipline in the midst of trying temptations. Kālidāsa's ideal heroes in his national epic, the *Raghuvaṁśa,* become householders only with a view to begetting progeny, and not for the sake of self-indulgence. All our epic tales glorify married women for their spiritual power derived from *pātivratya,* the vow of

constancy. The idea of marriage as a sacramental and spiritual companionship, rather than as a social or sexual contact, is the keynote of Indian scriptures and even secular poems; an idea hallowed by tradition and venerated in practice. The sanctity of the Indian family is based on the bedrock of this principle and the slightest loosening of it will lead to total disintegration of society in the words of the *Gītā*. Gandhiji was convinced of this and he has ably demonstrated how self-control is not an ascetic ideal but a practical discipline which will bring good to every aspirant after truth. We congratulate the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on having come forward to give wide publicity to a view none too popular today through this excellent publication.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

An Inquiry into the Freedom of Decision. By HARALD OFSTAD. (Norwegian Universities Press, Oslo; George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 391 pp. 1961. 42*s*.)

Professor Harald Ofstad's searching analysis of the freedom of decision is a notable contribution to the age-long controversy about free will. In the past this dispute was dovetailed with ontological questions and even in Kant freedom as an ethical problem is closely linked with questions with which religion is concerned. While theologians heroically tried to reconcile human freedom with the omniscience and omnipotence of God Kant sought to find a way to God through the categorical "ought" of moral consciousness.

Professor Ofstad's illuminating analysis is much more earth-bound and leads us to a perspective which is gained through a careful study of modern psychology, physics, and analytic philosophy. The writer takes pains to clarify the sense in which man may be said to be free and to discuss the question whether it is intrinsically desirable to be a free person. But in spite of all the ingenuity of Professor Ofstad's analysis doubts will not be silenced and many of his readers might well ask whether "the free person is beyond the need of striving to change himself, and therefore beyond the need of power to decide otherwise than he in fact does."

It is often held that it is just this power to decide otherwise that constitutes the essence of freedom, and there is much to be said for this view. There is no reason why a free person should be free from struggle and why the elements of spontaneity and struggle should be mutually exclusive in the concept of a free person.

No wonder that with all his positivistic trend and with all his preoccupation with the sociological and psychological factors of human life the writer should treat the Indian concept of Puruṣa-self as a "ghost" who intrudes into experience from above. But apart from the misunderstanding involved in this interpretation, the vital question is to know whether the concept of experience built on the data of modern psychology, social sciences, and genetics is not all too narrow, and whether there is not something genuinely transempirical which impinges on the empirical realm investigated by the sciences.

Whatever may be our ultimate assessment of Professor Ofstad's ethical position, there is no denying that he has cleared away much confusion and that his distinction of the six different senses of the freedom of decision is most helpful. That our freedom of decision is not uniform but admits of degrees is a truth which is often ignored and which is well emphasized by the writer. His presentation of the positions with which he does not agree is fair and the development of his own view is pre-

cise and lucid. The appendices are extremely instructive and bring more clarity to the discussion. We recommend Professor Ofstad's valuable work to all those who are interested in one of the most persistent problems of human thought.

SYED VAHIDUDDIN

Freedom and History. By H. D. LEWIS. (The Muirhead Library of Philosophy. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London; The Macmillan Company, New York. 334 pp. 1962. 42*s*.)

The author is Professor of the History and Philosophy of Religion at King's College in the University of London and he is the editor of the Muirhead Library of Philosophy. He does not belong to the school of philosophy which has been in recent years dominant in England:

> I suspect that many philosophers today . . . partly through the prevailing scepticism and the aversion to metaphysical and speculative thinking, are apt to be the prey of sceptical dogmatisms and preconceptions not . . . having any adequate independent warrant. (p. 151)

He is concerned not only with philosophy but also with theology and on this side also is critical of the establishment: he very properly insists that the individual can at times experience direct revelation of the divine, and criticizes theologians for not emphasizing this fact, and accuses Niebuhr of having blinded himself to this issue "as effectively as anyone could" (pp. 236-7).

The volume before us is a collection of papers whose main purpose is to argue that the moral experience is basic and that for it freedom is essential. A whole range of philosophical authors afford the basis of the papers — Rousseau, Green, Stout, Niebuhr, Leonard Hodgson, I. T. Ramsey.

Morality cannot be departmentalized (p. 25). It is "the disinterested interest in the good" (p. 27). Stout's notion of religion as being "an emotional and conative attitude to the whole of being" is too merely psychological (p. 59). In the writers Professor Lewis deals with it is brought out how idealistic they were. For example, Rousseau requires that "each citizen must ask himself, not 'is this issue for my private good?' but 'is it in the public interest?' " (p. 107). "There are to be no minor associations within the state, no non-political bodies to give men diversities of interests and attitudes" (p. 108). "The people is never corrupted but it is often deceived" (p. 110). "The general will is always in the right, but the judgement which guides it is not always enlightened" (p. 110).

Having noted Professor Popper's extraordinary view that "there is no one man more important than any other" (p. 170), let us record some of Professor Lewis's conclusions. Whilst it is true that nobody has absolute knowledge, various approximations to absolute truth are possible (p. 135). There is a law of diminishing returns in the relation of technics to culture (p. 220). What is needed is the humility and passion for truth which only come fully to those who have learnt to walk always with God (p. 329). It requires courage in a man in Professor Lewis's position to write thus.

R. F. RATTRAY

New Poems 1962: A P.E.N. Anthology of Contemporary Poetry. Edited by PATRICIA BEER, TED HUGHES, VERNON SCANNELL. (Hutchinson and Company, Ltd., London. 139 pp. 1962. 21*s*.)

The annual P.E.N. anthologies have by this time become something of an institution, but the appointment of a different set of editors each year has provided a safeguard against any kind

of staleness, and given each volume in the series a distinctive tone or flavour. It has also prevented the anthology from falling under the domination of any particular school, whilst reflecting all the current trends in British poetry.

Although *New Poems 1962* adequately presents the work of such established poets as George Barker, Roy Fuller, Thom Gunn, Philip Larkin, Louis MacNeice, R. S. Thomas, etc., the editors seem to have made a point of featuring new poets — "well over a third of our contributors are virtually unknown, and many of these appear in print for the first time." As might be expected, few of the contributions by the "first-timers" will bear comparison with such poems as "Felo Da Se" (Thomas Blackburn), "The Voyage of The Saintes-Maries" (Charles Causley), "The Lesson" (Edward Lucie-Smith) or "Spring Death — To Cecilia" (Norman Harvey); nevertheless, the strength of this collection undoubtedly lies in the work of poets who have yet to publish a volume or whose first volumes have appeared recently. Taner Baybars, Philip Hobsbaum, George MacBeth, Peter Porter and David Wevill all have something original to say and convey it in an individual manner; and "A Dublin Unicorn" by B. S. Johnson and "The Body's Independence" by Zulfikar Ghose are amongst the best poems of the volume. The latter poem should be of special interest to readers of THE ARYAN PATH since it is a Pakistani poet's impressions of India during his childhood and youth.

HOWARD SERGEANT

The Great Secret. By HENDRIK WILLEMSZ. (The C. W. Daniel Company, Ltd., Ashingdon, Rochford, Essex, England. 85 pp. 1962. 9*s*.)

If a man had been blind from birth and one was able suddenly to give him sight, how gladly, eagerly, would one do it! That is the mood in which Mr. Willemsz settled down to write this book. "There are many" (he felt) "who do not see. Perhaps it is given to me, because of a particular way in which I am able to approach them, to open their eyes, in at least some cases."

Not the physical eyes. Indeed those eyes may be very good in a man, so good as to afford him continual distraction and entertainment as he surveys the kaleidoscope of life — a physical vision that is so insistent in its demands to perceive more and ever more external events that it atrophies the eye of the soul, the eye which looks within. Then the man sees only by the light which casts fleeting, insubstantial shadows, while the abiding Light which illuminates not the relatively real but the Real itself, which is the substance behind those shadows, appears to him as darkness.

Mr. Willemsz, it will be seen, traverses the Path. How he came to enter upon it is described by Professor Dr. J. Engel in a Preface. As Manager of a large technical concern in Holland, the author found much likeness between his own nuclear, electronic, and similar problems and today's philosophical and psychological problems, which threaten "to turn present-day humanity towards the negation of all true values" and to lead us to ultimate destruction.

The value of this book is not to be measured by its brevity. It is an important book, in this respect: people today are generally so much preoccupied with and fascinated by the achievements of science and technology, by the "great promise" that they appear to hold out, that one who is expert in those fields will readily be listened to, whatever it is that he says. Because of that this slender volume may tend to

awaken awareness in just those directions where larger works by "specialists" in philosophy and metaphysics would go unheeded.

CHARLES J. SEYMOUR

Doctors Without Drugs: The Story of a Layman's Quest. By GORDON YOUNG. (Frederick Muller, Ltd., London. 159 pp. Illustrated. 1962. 21*s*.)

This book, as its title implies, is about unorthodox medicine. Its subject is "The Story of a Layman's Quest" and this expresses well the underlying theme of the book. Gordon Young is the son of a doctor, but he himself has always been a writer and journalist; the investigations which form the substance of the book were conducted in a spirit of humility and open-mindedness, and that fact adds materially to the value of the book. The author sought to understand the methods of five unorthodox establishments or healers in the neighbourhood of Zurich: the Dasein analysis school, the Clinique Mont Choisi at Lausanne, the Bircher-Benner Clinic, the herbal remedies of Pastor Künzle, the Niehans system and the Rheumatism Clinic of Leukerbad. Finally, he had an interview with Dr. Jung just before his death; this interview, recorded largely in the form of conversation, was concerned with Jung's philosophy of living rather than with psychology as such.

The healing systems which Young investigated differed widely in their methods, but all were based on the belief that Nature itself provides a powerful healing force, and that the physician's work is mainly to enable the individual to respond to that inner vitalizing force. This theory is brought out in sharp relief in the book by the prologue, which recounts a distressing personal experience associated with orthodox medicine and its drugs. This book is a simple, honest, and very readable account of the author's discoveries and one which should interest anyone interested in the meaning, and manifestations, of life.

PHYLLIS CROFT

N. M. Wadia and His Foundation. By R. P. MASANI (Popular Book Depot, Bombay. 135 pp. 1961. Rs. 10.00)

Sir Rustom Masani has written an exceedingly readable biography of Nowrojee Maneckjee Wadia, the great-hearted Parsi philanthropist who created the Wadia Foundation, that unprecedented institution which dispenses charity to the needy and afflicted of all races and countries.

Nowrojee was descended from a line of distinguished master shipbuilders, and Sir Rustom ascribes directly to them the prosperity, not only of the Wadia family, but of the Parsi community and Bombay itself. With justifiable pride the author points out that the Dockyard of Bombay reached the apex of its reputation during the period of 150 years when the Wadia master shipbuilders were connected with it, the excellence of their work being widely acclaimed and gaining recognition from the Lords of the Admiralty.

In tracing the lineage of Nowrojee, we are reminded that the exceptionally fine traits inherited by him were of much greater import than the vast fortune to which he was heir, and the author pays richly merited tributes to Nowrojee's noble and saintly mother Motlibai, known as the most charitable lady of her time.

Throughout his long and useful life Nowrojee co-operated with zeal in all projects of public weal, living up to the best traditions of the family. His

worth was recognized not only by the British Government, but also by the French, and in 1865 he was awarded a gold medal by the Emperor Louis Napoleon for services rendered to the French Merchant Marine.

The munificent charities of Nowrojee and his pious mother, and the catholicity of their bounty were deeply appreciated, and in conclusion we can echo the words of Lord Harris, then Governor of Bombay: "... the halo of brightness rests upon those charitably disposed gentlemen, and the lady Motlibai ... for the magnificent gifts that the city of Bombay has become possessed of."

ROSHAN KOTHAWALA

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** sketches for us a man of letters, the Yugoslav poet and writer, Janko Lavrin.—ED.]

I SUPPOSE I am an expatriate like Janko Lavrin, Yugoslav poet, professor, biographer. People refer to us "expatriates" (is it a reproach or a compliment?) somewhat quizzically. I wonder whether the visitor from home envies us more than we envy the visitor. The visitor comes, sees us in our daily haunts, and invariably regrets he cannot stay: life seems to him so much easier than at home. We sigh for the home country, and when our visitor departs, perhaps with a little sigh of regret, we too experience a momentary heartache. We should like to be going back with him, just as he would like to prolong his holiday. When we do go back — and happily, we do so often — we love every minute of it while we are there though we long also to return to this or that foreign land.

I have been led into these speculations because I thought of Janko Lavrin spending several months each year in Piran, Ljubljana, which is his home deep down, and yet Thames Ditton, London, too, where he lives with his remarkable wife, an English architect, is also very much his home. When I first met Janko Lavrin, three years ago, in Venice, I saw him for a social critic, cultured, travelled, possessed of an air of amused and slightly ironic detachment. In the stories he told us, stories about his beloved country, anecdotes from Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Lermontov — on whom all he has written — we were always struck, my wife and I, to see how, in all things, he rejected scorn, abuse, and ridicule as weapons, employing a humour that was never wry, an irony that was never bitter, a tolerance that never degenerated into indifference.

I felt so when I first read Lavrin's *Tolstoy*, and succeeding biographies have strengthened my view that I was in the presence of a keen and balanced mind. Lavrin's recent book, which he presented to me a little while ago, is devoted to Yugoslav poetry. I was struck by the fact that stark despair had little place in the volume. Many of the characteristics of the people — a democratic spirit, lack of class distinctions, romance and realism, and vitality — are in evidence. And I have a feeling there is a good deal of humour too, warm and pulsating, akin, I think, to English humour though warmer, and quite unlike French wit. French wit differs in essence from English humour. One has only to read de Gaulle's caustic remarks to be aware of that. Yes, French wit is dependent upon verbal felicity. It ranges from a happy accident of similar sounds — the pun — to

a shrewd criticism of society — the epigram. Always it is dependent on the brilliance of language, on concise and sharp-pointed phrases. It thrusts like a rapier and is generally cruel. It wounds and mocks and laughs at its object. There are a few exceptions, of course, as in the plays of Molière or in the outrageous antics of Jacques Tati, but on the whole there is not such a kindly comprehension of human folly as we find in English humour; for there in concerning oneself with absurdities a human feeling is displayed. One can see the comic side of a situation without wanting to execute the person. One laughs with and not at an object. In such humour there is a tender sensibility not far removed from poetry.

Similar is my impression of Yugoslav literature, taking Ivo Andric's *Bridge over Drina* and his short stories and novels also into account. I am even more struck by the spontaneity, natural and harmonious, of a people who have succeeded in blending so many different cultural patterns with so little antagonism.

Janko Lavrin is past three score and ten, but I have seldom seen a younger man of this age. For one thing this fine soul keeps depression at bay. As a professor he went sounding about his task, full of buoyancy and zest. In spite of his years of research the dry bones of Russian literature lived again in his lectures. He has never held literature at arm's length. He did not invest it with the pseudo-reverence which attends so much college teaching, as if one were veritably in the presence of the dead. He sees all literature — and I can speak of his biographies — as a living thing, as vital as the humanity it reflects, wherein the tears, laughter, and yearning of unremembered yesterdays are one with the passions of today. He is an "onlooker" at life first, a professor of literature afterwards. He is enthusiastic about books but more enthusiastic about humanity; that is his greatest secret. And it is for this reason that his stories are rich and full of the milk of human kindness. If you know his books you agree at once; if you do not, read for a start his *Tolstoy*.

The last time we visited his place, a house chock-full of first editions, icons, and peasant embroidery, we had a taste of his extraordinarily catholic interests: in art, philosophy, architecture, literature, cookery — and a deep and abiding interest in Buddhist philosophy as well.

I have talked to him about modern plays — about Wesker, and the younger group of dramatists — and I spoke on so many of the modern writers — and at no time did his infectious laughter fail. Lavrin is not just a writer or a lecturer but a warm and attractive personality interested in people and things. Yet much of his quality is revealed in his writing, especially in biography. Biography returns from the delight of gazing in hushed wonder at distant luminaries to the business of dealing with human beings whose talents and achievements did not remove them from the necessity of maintaining their bodies and saving their souls. Unfortunately, there are too many writers who hold that invention is more important than research and that the function of a biographer is to debunk. "No man is a hero to his valet," to which Carlyle — I think it was — rejoined that it was the fault of the valet.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

THE PASSING OF DR. RAJENDRA PRASAD has ended a life of gentle merit and solid worth. The tradition of old India gave him his moral sensibility and authentic culture. He was a scholar who knew intimately the ancient and classical texts. He was a brilliant student who learned much from his Western education which, joined to his inherited sense of reverence and idealistic values, made him a type for modern Indian manhood. His quiet work and discipleship under Gandhiji brought rich possibilities to flower; so that when he became the first President of the Republic of India the fitness of the man to the office was felt on all hands.

He passed away on 28 February 1963 at the Sadaqat Ashram, Patna. The daily quality of his life, if studied, will bring the nation much benefit.

According to Monica Furlong, a journalist who has interested herself in Christianity, "organized religion has collapsed."

Yet such a time, she writes (*Guardian,* 11 January 1963), is in reality a time of exhilaration and liberation for the genuine Christian, a stripping away of accumulated nonsense, even though something of beauty and comfort may be lost in the process. It is the new life bursting forth, not merely persecution and pressures, that has cracked open the old dead forms. There is a new slogan: "Christianity without religion." It is not a mere personal do-it-yourself affair, though few seem clear about its exact meaning and implications.

What seems clear is that within all the denominations there is a new mutation of Christian (as yet only faintly discernible from the inert mass) who is willing and eager to question every item of his faith, who is bored to death with the old cliches . . . and who believes that to disable either his mind or his senses is to dishonour Christ.

Such a Christian repudiates the professional moralism, since his search is to find "Christ in the centre of life."

Among the succeeding "Letters to the Editor" was one that suggested an alternative slogan, "Religion without Christianity," and advocated turning to other religions. The step seems a doubtful one, however. To exclude the true Christianity would be as much an error as concentrating solely on its externals. Other religions in their outer form are as mixed in character as the Christian —partly true, partly false; partly living, partly dead — and to move round from one to another would bring one no nearer to the central truth. That can be reached from all the points of the compass, so to say, whether we search for the Christ within, or take refuge in the Buddha, or fix heart and mind on Krishna (by whatever title we name the divine manifesting and compassionate principle of life). It is this central truth, this heart doctrine that warms and illumines religion and makes it true, by whatever name it is called. None can be totally excluded. The worshipper of truth "belongs to no cult or sect, yet belongs to each and all."

With Sword and Shield (November-December 1962) published in London

by the Crusade against all Cruelty to Animals announces that the past twelve months of their campaign have been most encouraging. Michael Fryer, who combines real enthusiasm and efficiency, founded the Crusade in 1955 in order to further the following primary objects:

1. To oppose by every possible means all forms of cruelty to animals and to unite all animal-lovers in this cause.
2. To dispel the ignorance of the general public concerning the ways in which animals are exploited.
3. To work towards the general application of the principle of reverence for all life.

Among the signs of "a wind of change" is mentioned the decline in popularity, and the precarious financial position, of the circus. There are probably many factors involved — a more sophisticated audience, for one — but there is a growing refusal on the part of the public to patronize circuses with performing animals, as well as more reluctance by town councils to grant permission for such shows on their lands. One commercialized cruelty, the cramming of geese for *pâté de foie gras*, looks as though it may be on the way out, for the European producers are finding a falling market; exporters consider it useless to campaign Britain for fresh customers; and even America is viewing the product with some suspicion, mainly for health reasons. Also encouraging is the recession in the broiler chicken market, whose estimated chicken production in Britain was twenty million less in 1962 than in 1961. Further, if Britain joins the Common Market, the probable increased price of poultry feed would send production costs up, and higher general food prices would turn the housewife away from such luxury foods as poultry. Another article reports the shocked public reaction when the searchlight, so to say, was turned on the conditions and methods of slaughterhouses in one of the big Northern towns of England.

One setback, not unexpected, "when the climate of public opinion is ultra-sensitive on the question of anti-Semitism," has been the withdrawal of the Slaughter of Animals Bill. The Crusade has no racial bias, but is pressing, and will continue to press, against the cruelties of the Jewish method of slaughter (permitted as a matter of religious belief). "The animal's throat is cut in full consciousness and it is left to bleed to death." This is allowed as an exception to the general humane slaughter law which demands that animals killed for food should be made unconscious first. The rabbinical authorities connected with such ritual slaughter in Britain claim "that the ritual laws *cannot* be changed"; yet, as Fryer points out, in Holland, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, and Upper Austria they have been changed, and stunning before ritual slaughter is exacted by law.

The Crusade is doing fine work, in a practical, unsentimental way, and though not obtrusive, underlying the effort is an evident awareness that "Life is one," that "all is soul and spirit ever evolving under the law which is inherent in the whole."

The International House Association, which aims to bring together students of all nations in friendly relationship, was founded in America, the three original centres being at New York, Chicago, and Berkeley. It has spread to many other towns in the United States, and further afield to Europe — Paris, Geneva, Göttingen — as well as to Japan, Canada, and Mexico, and also to Britain. The International House in Fitzroy Square, London, is not yet a residential centre, though it plans to become one, mingling both "foreign" and British students. It arranges for hospitality at private families' homes, as well as excursions to noteworthy

places. It is hoped, as well, to make it a focus for the activities of other organizations also working to foster international understanding. Funds are, of course, much needed, but the suggestion is that a combined effort with other associations and groups having a similar aim and purpose will be effective. Friends of the Indian Institute of World Culture of Bangalore (whose only membership clause is a declaration of practical sympathy with the ideal of Universal Brotherhood) will be interested.

AMENDMENT

Mention was made in our October 1962 issue (p. 527) of a new monthly magazine in London named *Insight*. This has had to be changed to *Aspect*, as the first title had already been registered by another publisher. Its first number appeared on January 24th.

THE hell to be endured hereafter of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates good or evil and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar. The drunken Rip van Winkle in Jefferson's play excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time!" Well! he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it, but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibres, the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up, to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is in strict scientific literalness wiped out.

—WILLIAM JAMES